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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Upon a rock that high and sheer
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared, to the soft summer air,
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With diaphane vale between,
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests, faintly seen;
While over rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A voice so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear,
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary hunter," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat!
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amidst the moonlight haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze;
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showered bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pleasant drank;
He saw the glittering stream; he heard
The rustling bough, and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the region's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards her resting place,
And stretched her hand, and called his name,
With sweet and smiling face,
Forward, with face and eager eyes,
The hunter leaped, in act to rise.

Forward he leaped, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern and brown,
An instant, in his fall—
A fearful instant, and no more—
The dream and life at once were o'er.

ROMANESQUE.

FR. DE LA TRINITE.

THE FISHERMEN OF FOX ISLANDS.

A STORY OF THE LAST WAR.

In the last struggle with our mother country, when her thousand vessels of all classes, from the huge battle ship down to the petty privateer, swarmed our coast—when the swaggering bravado of Johnny Bull, threatened to drive from the ocean's wide domain the "striped hunting" of Brother Jonathan, it was then that the hardy fishermen of New England had to relinquish their honest calling and take up arms in defence of their country. Their chosen field was the ocean,—they sought to encounter the enemy on that element in which they from early youth had been educated. Our navy can appreciate their efficient services rendered in many a victorious encounter. In fact it is no longer a mooted question at this day, that the glorious result of our ocean marine may be traced to the sailor fishermen. The many instances of their hardihood, perseverance and undaunted courage, has become proverbial. Perhaps there are no class of people who see more hard service and become more habituated to it than the fishermen. And then, again, what to many seems hardships, in fact is pastime to them. What can cause more intense excitement, or can be more exhilarating, when the undulation of the mighty ocean causes his "pinkey" to roll her gun-wale to the waters surface, while endeavoring to draw from his native element the noble Cod? But the sport of the fishermen is not exclusively confined to drawing

fish. When, by the rotation of the seasons the rockbound coast of New England is fettered with ice, it is then you may see him with dog and gun and other accoutrements, launching his wherry and plying the oar with eager grasp whilst she "walks the water like a thing of life" to some distant Isle, reef or ledge, where, ensconced amongst rocks and sea-weed, on the outer point of some projecting cliff, he waits the passage of the cod and duck, which fall a prey to the unerring aim and skill of the wary sportsman.

We have taken the liberty to publish for the perusal of the readers of the Recorder the following narrative as related by an eye witness, which will serve to corroborate the expertness of the fisherman as no trifling marksman.

So thoroughly guarded was the coast of Maine by the numerous cruisers of his Majesty George the Fourth during the war of 1812 and '13, that it became extremely hazardous for the fisherman to venture far out into the bay or the coast to pursue his accustomed trip unmolested, without the most strict and cautious vigilance. At the time we allude to Captain William Spear of this town, a well known and skillful pilot, projected a trip to the commercial emporium of Massachusetts. He commanded the schooner Oliver—a first class vessel at that time, of about nineteen tons burthen. After waiting a number of days for suitable wind and weather, (for it must be remembered that it was not only the fair wind, but the particular kind of weather that was required,) Captain Spear made sail from the harbor of East Thomaston. The wind at the time being N. E., with thick weather and a drizzling rain, blowing fresh. After rounding the noted head land of Owls-Head, with every prospect before him of a favorable passage, he was most unceremoniously brought to and captured.

The British Privateer, "Sch. Fly," had taken a position in this celebrated roadstead with American colors flying at her masthead; to decoy the unsuspecting coaster; and thus was the schooner Oliver entrapped and captured, as well as some five or six others.

During the afternoon of the same day that the schooner was taken, the Privateer made signal to her prizes to get under weigh and follow. The Privateer standing on the wind, endeavoring to beat out of the N. E. entrance of the harbor. In executing this summons of John Bull, some two or three of his prizes managed to have their sails fill on the wrong track, and by so doing plumped them purposely ashore on the beach. Captain Spear was managing to execute the same maneuver, when the privateer opened her battery, and preemptorily ordered him to desist and follow, or "he would blow him out of water," and with reluctance, Captain Spear was compelled to obey the command. Disappointment, perhaps, or a malicious feeling towards the shrewdness of those who had eluded his grasp, provoked the captain of the privateer, to give vent to his feelings by firing a parting broad-side. A spent round shot lodged against the sill of the house on the point, and another bespattering with mud the garments of its occupant, were the only visible effects of this outward mark of civility.

With her three prizes, (the schooner Oliver and two sloops, one of which belonged to Camden, commanded by Captain Bates,) the privateer stood out of the harbor and stretched across the bay towards the southern extremity of the South Fox Islands, where, in one of the most romantic harbors on our coast, they all came to anchor.

The sun had now set, and a brisk N. E. wind which had been sweeping over the water during the day, had now died away leaving a long ground swell heaving in upon this rock-bound, and apparently, uninhabited island.

In this secluded harbor, in anticipation of uninterrupted security, the privateer commenced putting goods on board the Schooner, which were taken from the other prizes. Not a Yankee fisherman could be seen from the deck of either vessel, for it may be well to observe that the inhabitants of this island at that time were almost to a man, fishermen. There was something ominous in the silence which prevailed ashore,—it seemed as though every human being had deserted and left it a solitary Isle in the ocean. A small whale-boat, it is true, was seen to enter the harbor, but was soon lost sight of amongst the rocks and intricate windings of some narrow passage. From this boat the inhabitants had been warned of the near proximity in which they were to a British Privateer. But soon as the dusk of the evening had begun to gather around, men collected from every nook and corner, with musket, fowling-piece, ready to give the privateer battle at early morn.

Morning came, and the men of the privateer were busily engaged in finishing the transportation

of the goods. The fishermen watched unconcernedly these operations, having during the night taken positions to boat annoy or capture the enemy.

"What schooner is that?" cried a voice from the shore.

"The *Sch. Water* of Baltimore! want you come on board?" replied the captain of the privateer.

"No, but we invite you to come ashore."

"I'll see you d—d first," replied the officer.

This abrupt answer caused a simultaneous fire from the land in all directions. The captain of the privateer fell at the first discharge, having two balls shot through his body. Taken so completely were the officers and crew by surprise, that they sought safety below. The boat in the mean time was ordered ashore and captured.

In this predicament, many were the ways and plans devised to effect an escape. There was something painfully sublime in the idea that there were seventy-five men driven from the deck, and that not a solitary being could show his head without being shot. But as the inventive genius of man is greatest when put to the severest tests, so in this case, it was put in requisition. The dying injunction of the captain, "not to be taken," had the effect to arouse the courage of one of the crew who volunteered his services to cut the cable. In executing this design he ventured on deck and by creeping along under the hammock nettings, he succeeded in accomplishing his object. But while in the act of passing below the halliards of the jib and mainsail, he dearly paid for this act of his temerity, for the luckless bullet of some correct sighted fisherman shattered his under jaw—he fell, but succeeded in creeping below.

Changeable as fortune had been thus far to this luckless vessel, a ray of hope yet lingered among her crew, and an escape was resolved to be attempted. To keep in check in some measure the continual pelting which they were receiving, it was proposed to open a fire from the main hatch—but in the first attempt to execute this proposition, the unerring aim of some skillful marksman caused a bullet to graze the beard and upper lip of the hazardous Englishman, and lodge in the combing hatch. The plan was however abandoned as futile in the extreme.

A gentle breeze and favorable current came to their assistance, and by hoisting the jib and main-sail, and protruding through the sky-light a bayonet affixed to a musket, by which device they managed to steer, and finally made their escape.

Of this gallant skirmish in the late war with England, in which was recaptured three vessels and a boat's crew of the privateer, too much commendation cannot be bestowed upon those hardy sons of Neptune, the fishermen sailors of Fox Islands.

On board of the privateer, confined below were two American prisoners. Their apartment was adjacent to the cabin—so near that they could easily hear the groans of the dying Captain and wounded seamen. The pattering of bullets against the wooden sides of their prison, like hail from some distant cloud, with the wailing of the wounded and dying, caused mingled emotions of sorrow and extatic joy. The wind now being S. W., the privateer shaped her course for the Wooden Ball, an uninhabited island in the Penobscot Bay. While pursuing her way thither, the lieutenant allowed the prisoners to come on deck, and perceiving a small boat at some distance, they requested the Lieutenant to hail the boat and give them their liberty which request was granted.

One object in being thus minute in this narrative is to exhibit in his true character, the Yankee sailor—one of which was taken from the schooner Oliver, and possessed a good share of that universal shrewdness which characterizes the Yankee nation. This man made a request to see the corpse of the Captain. The humane feeling, of course, could not but meet the approbation from the Lieutenant, who escorted him to the cabin. Pistols, sabres, pikes, boarding-axes, and all the minor implements of marine warfare, were arrayed about the cabin in such a manner as to aid in giving it an appearance of wild embellishment, while at the same time, each was convenient to the hand. Around the mast was placed a stand of muskets. The entire arrangement proclaimed that the cabin was considered a citadel of itself. In a berth by the corpse of the Captain. There was a latent expression of satisfaction, something modified, together with a sympathy, perhaps, not altogether affected as the Yankee stood in presence of the Lieutenant and his late commander. The peculiar nature of man is so constituted that sympathy manifests even in the breast of an enemy, so modified as to be a feeling as to neutralize his bad affect.

So it was in this case. The unfortunate result of the late encounter was freely discussed, the disastrous effects of the fishermen's fire was pointed at by the down east looking Lieutenant who thus gave vent to the turbulent state of his feelings: "There, you can see the murderous design of your countrymen!" pointing to some charts which hung in be sheets on the side of the trunk-cabin, and while in the act of taking them from their place of security, two leaden bullets rolled out at his feet. "Oh, my God!" ejaculated he, "What a miracle that we have thus escaped with the loss of no more lives!"

"I should think there must also be some visible effects on the vessel's deck, if I were to judge from the rattling of the bullets and buck shot against the sides of the privateer from my place of confinement," rejoined the sailor.

"Yes, truly there is evidence sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical, for sixty-two balls are lodged in our mast and sixty-four can be counted as having passed through our main-sail below the two reef gearings!"

"You have lost your Capt. and received other damage, which you charge upon my countrymen. I might retort by saying, you have taken from my Captain his vessel—his only means of support to a large family. But, Sir, it is the fortune of war, and we must submit to the good or ill which befalls us," continued the shrewd Yankee,—and perceiving now was the time to carry into effect the object of his visit to the officers cabin, respectfully asked the Lieutenant if he would restore the *Parvus* of the captured vessels, as they might relieve the distresses of many a poor family, (not forgetting at the same time to express his heartfelt sorrow for the bereaved family of the deceased Captain,) the desired object was accomplished—the Papers were restored.

On ascending to the deck, the boat was found in waiting and the prisoners stepping into the boat with inward feelings of satisfaction, the "hat was raised" and a cordial salutation given—and thus parted the rival sailors of the two belligerent nations—and thus ends this deed achieved by the hardy Fishermen of Fox Islands.

The Door Latch.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

"Go back and shut that door!" roared I, in a voice of thunder.

"How can you, my dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak so very loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain."

"Because," said I, "I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked, and talked, but it is all of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it.—No! and I won't bear it any longer—I'll sell the house before I'll endure it another week."

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her of undiminished sternness, and the mild look of pain at suffering with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! "I could read my own death warrant at this very hour with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes, glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me, in the silent eloquence of nature, to spare her whom I had promised to "cherish and to love."

"I have never seen you troubled," said she, (improving spirit! there was no emphasis—no! not the least, on the word troubled!) "I have never seen you troubled at anything except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the catch, it would shut without difficulty. I should never think of it," said she, after a pause, "on my account, but it causes you so much vexation."

It was, true, as she had said, that I felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door, than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A heavy loss—a sure disappointment—a great calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to pride. But a door-latch! what occasion could that give for philosophy? None; and therefore I felt it all the more to the quick! It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. "True!" whispered Philosophy in my ear, "but such a 'little thing' to make you angry about! such a 'little thing' to make you unserviceable for an hour every day! I shudder, Mr. Plowman!" To tell the truth, I began to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much

unhappiness it had caused not only myself, but through me, my dearer wife.

"I declare, my dear," said I, "that if that door-latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!"

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firm as ever door did. I swung it a few times on the hinges, with an air of triumph, and verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia, as well as on myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

"The root of bitterness," said I, "is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before—but please forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache; the sound of that file must have been torture to you."

She smiled sweetly, as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although her forehead burnt, and the blood was raging through her veins—that it was "quite cured since the door shut so easily!"

This incident induced a reverie and a train of cogitations somewhat in the following order:—"Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or our unhappiness, during any of these moments, depends almost invariably upon the merest trifles. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care, then, of trifles, and great events will take care of themselves.—(Somewhere here I began to talk aloud.) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent, and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was great. Nevertheless, I do believe that if the hard-bottomed chair [N. B. It was of white.] in which I have sat for the last eight—yes! nine years—if that chair had but been well covered with a good soft sheepskin, that sheepskin, purchased at the cost of ninepence, would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of my grandfather!"

"It is a mortifying reflection," said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, "and one which, at first thought, would seem to speak little for your heart—yet, a true one, perhaps; and yet not more true with you than many others."

"And still," said I, "I am without the sheepskin. Why? Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling, that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together, and look at the pain in the aggregate, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it."

"But why not purchase the sheepskin, now that you have added the moments together?" said she.

"After all my reflection, I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheepskin! It will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking chair seems to be somewhat worn, I must even buy another for you."

"Oh! green velvet, by all means!" said she. "It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new hearth rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have green for its border, you know."

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening—and, to one who has ever seen my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye, was worth the price of a thousand.

THE BUTCHER AND HIS Calf. A Butcher who had purchased a calf, sat with it on a horse at a public house door, on which a shoemaker, remarkable for his drollery, observing and knowing he had to pass through a wood, offered the landlord to steal the calf for a glass of grog; the landlord agreed, and the shoemaker set off and dropt one new shoe in the path near the middle of the woods, and another a quarter of a mile from it. The butcher saw the first shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the mean time, unstrapped the calf and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it into his barn. The butcher, missing his calf went back to the inn, and told his misfortune, at the same time observing that he must have another calf cost what it would, as the veal was bespoken. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn, he would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price; the landlord replied, "Give me the same price you did for the calf you lost, as I think this is full as large." The butcher would not allow it by any means to be as good, but gave him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a

second time across his horse. Christia, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf again for another glass of grog, which being agreed, he posted to the woods and hid himself, where, observing the butcher come along, he bellowed as like a calf, that the butcher conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried with joy, 'Ah! are you there? Have I found you at last?' and immediately dismounted and ran into the woods. Christia, taking advantage of the butcher's absence, untied the calf, and actually got back with it to the publican before the butcher arrived to tell the mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The publican unraveled the mystery and the butcher after paying for, and partaking of a crown's worth of punch laughed heartily at the joke, and the shoemaker got great applause for his ingenuity.

MR. INGERSOLL vs. MR. WEBSTER.

In the House of Representatives on Thursday, April 9, Mr. C. J. Ingersoll replied to the assault made upon him by Mr. Webster, and arranged him before the country on rather serious charges. Mr. Webster began the affair, and he cannot complain if he gets some hard knocks in turn. The House seems to sustain Mr. Ingersoll, treating the attack of Mr. Webster as inflicting upon the freedom of debate in the House.

A long debate followed, in which Mr. Adams, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Sedden, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Dromgoole, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hillard, and Mr. Yancy took part.

There was quite as much said in this discussion, in favor of Mr. Webster as against him: so he is no loser on that score.

Mr. Tyler's whole administration was pronounced to be corrupt by Mr. Dromgoole, but Mr. Tyler's character was defended by Mr. Bailey.

It was contended that an officer cannot be impeached except when in office, because the penalty of malversation is removed.

It was also contended that the Secretary of State was not responsible for the use of the secret service funds; but the President himself.

Again, it was argued that the House had no right to enquire into the mode in which the secret service fund was expended. An appropriation of \$90,000 was made by congress for the object. It limited the amount. It might withhold it altogether, but it could not control its use, nor call upon the President for an account of the manner in which it was used. It never had been done, though the money was always used for some purpose or other. It would destroy the object of the fund, if its uses were to be divulged. Besides, its uses were confidential, and Mr. Webster could not be accused of any mal-appropriation of it unless some one in the administration had been guilty of a breach of confidence which was not to be believed.

An amendment made by Mr. Sedden, embracing a call for the vouchers for the expenditure of the secret service fund from 1841 down, was accepted by Mr. Ingersoll as a modification.

An amendment by Mr. Dickinson to embrace the expenditure on account of Texas, was cut off by the previous question.

The Resolutions passed, 123 to 28. Mr. Bailey then offered a resolution calling for correspondence on the McLeod case.

Mr. Ashmun moved to amend so as to call for the name of the public officer who had given Mr. Ingersoll the information as to the expenditure of the secret service fund. Pending this motion the House adjourned.

We subjoin a portion of the debate noticed above.

Mr. Ingersoll said:

Mr. Speaker: I have put the few words I desire to say, in writing, that there might be no misreport or mistake about them.

I would not ask the indulgence of the House for my personal vindication, but the question involves the most precious privilege of members of this house, in which the people are represented. Its freedom of speech has been grossly attacked, through me, by a senator Mr. Daniel Webster. Of him as a senator, or an individual, I never have spoken here. Of Mr. Daniel Webster's misconduct as Secretary of State, I have often spoken mostly to censure it, in the instance which provoked him this session with a severity which I acknowledge justifies itself.

All I rise now to do, is to ask the House to indulge me with a word of explanation of some resolutions, to which, I suppose, there can hardly be objection.

If adopted, I presume they may be answered by next Monday; and then I shall pray permission to speak on the subject.

One of them is designed to bring officially before this House the journal or minutes of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in February, '43, when the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, [Mr. Adams,] was chairman of the committee.

According to good precedents and authorities, I am entitled to read these minutes to the House without its leave. But, as doubts may be entertained, I prefer to obviate all objections by obtaining its sanction in form.

These minutes will prove that Mr. Secretary Webster made known to members of that committee, by a written communication, the President's wish for a special mission to Great Britain, which special mission, I think, it will evidently appear, was to settle the Oregon question, by yielding which, Mr. Webster has lately denied our right to claim.

The resolution for information, from the Department of State, will bring forth proofs of Mr. Secretary Webster's misdeemeanors in office, his fraudulent misapplication and personal use of the public funds, and corrupting party presses with the money appropriated by law for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse. When discharged, as he was, from the department to which he was so great a disgrace, he was a delinquent, a public defaulter. He did not account for the public money he fraudulently abstracted from the department till more than a year after he was expelled from it, and did not account for most of it, by paying back the money he abstracted to the vouchers from, notoriously base agents of his closer, who received for it, to be expended in corrupting party presses. Papers from the Department of State, some of them signed by him, reveal the mystery, of which one of his corrupt agents, in a letter to him marked "proof,"

applauds as Mr. Webster's new and admirable mode of settling the Northeastern boundary question, after the forty years blundering, however honest and patriotic, of Washington, the Adamses, Jeffersons, Madisons, Monroes, Jacksons, and Van Burens, who did not consider it right to expend public money in corrupting the press and the people.

It is sickening, if not sad reality, that a man of fine abilities, as preposterously as profanely mis-called God-like, should be exposed in his mean and paltry contrivances and associations with notoriously base fellows in palpably vile misuse of the public money. When I spoke the offensive words of the Secretary which appear to have goaded him to the madness generally betraying the guilty, I had no idea of the extent of his offenses. Indeed, I have not now, for detection has only begun since he called me to it. One of his coadjutors writes to the Secretary of State, that he presumes the contingent fund is ample, and the Secretary's control over it complete. These papers, when made printed documents, will show, also, application of some of the same secret contingent fund to the release of McLeod; and although Mr. Webster is reported to have said in the Senate, that there was only one letter on that subject, three in one and the same day will appear.

Whether, when possessed of the proofs of Mr. Secretary Webster's malversation, corruption, and delinquency, his offenses will be deemed impeachable misdemeanors in office, conviction for which might remove him from the Senate, and disqualify him to hold an office of honor, trust or profit, under the United States will remain to be considered.

Should it prove necessary to go to that extremity, the similitude will be wonderful with a great English lawyer, called by a poet the wisest and meanest of mankind.

It will be perceived that the detection, if I am not mistaken, which my former disclosures may lead to merge my individual wrong, and even the injustice done through me to the representative character, freedom, and privilege of this House in the much greater importance of misdeemeanor in office. When Congress sees the proofs I propose to submit, they will judge all parties and do what is right. It is useless, and would be worse than useless, for me to apply epithets to Mr. Webster. I desire to try him, and he tried myself by proofs.

I now offer the following resolutions, to which I presume no objection will be made. I ask that they may be read for information.

And no objection having been made, the resolutions were read as follows:

Resolved, That the Secretary of State furnish this House an account of all payments made on President's certificates from the fund appropriated by law through the agency of that department for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse since the fourth of March, 1841, with copies of all entries, receipts, letters, vouchers, memoranda, or other evidence of such payments, to whom paid, for what, particularly all concerning the northeastern boundary dispute with Great Britain; also copies of whatever communications were made from the Secretary of State during the last session of the 27th Congress—particularly February, 1843, to Mr. Cushing and to Mr. Adams, members of the committee of Foreign Affairs of the House of the wish of the President of the United States to institute a special mission to Great Britain; also, copies of all letters on the books of the Department of State to any officer of the United States, or person in New York concerning Alexander McLeod.

Resolved, That the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of this House submit to the House the journal or minutes of that committee during the last session of the 27th Congress.

Mr. Ingersoll now resumed the floor. It is the resolution, therefore, (said Mr. I.) about which I am addressing the chair; and I am sorry that my friend from North Carolina, (and he is the last man from whom I should have expected any opposition to this resolution,) obliges me to explain the subject; for as I believe and I had put in writing, and that very briefly, all which I thought it was necessary now to refer to, and that other things might be reserved for the coming in of the papers. I say through you to this House, that my resolution predicates a gross abuse of that fund. My resolution asserts that Mr. Secretary Webster has expended through his agents part of that fund, corrupting the party press for the purpose of accomplishing the treaty of the northeastern boundary; and the question for this House to decide now is, whether, if there were forty laws from beyond the beginning of the government, any gentleman would prevent these papers from being brought forward. Sir, this is an extraordinary case; this is no common case. I would be the last man, sir, (and I should have known nothing about this, but from my connection with the committee on Foreign Affairs, and from what I know, and have known about these matters,) I should be the last man to interfere with the ordinary application of this secret service money. But I will state what I know to be the fact, and what I presume the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means knows to be the fact, that from the accession of that extraordinary man Andrew Jackson, in 1829, down to the departure from Washington of Mr. Van Buren, at the expiration of his presidential term, not one farthing of that money was kept from public view and that the private use of it did begin immediately after Mr. Webster came into office.

Mr. McKay here rose, and withdrew his objection to the resolution.

Mr. Dromgoole, however insisted on his right to the floor, and proceeded to remark that he had but a few words to say, and the few remarks he meant to say, would be to the exoneration of the whig party of the U. S. (and he seemed and any thing complimentary to them.) The resolution offered by his honorable friend from Pennsylvania, related to a point of history when the then Secretary of State had been separated from the whig party, when he was acting with (Mr. D. here lied,) the most corrupt administration that ever existed in this country. At that time, the whig party denounced the then Secretary of State, now for they can since justify themselves in now again applying to him the epithet of "the God-like" he should not attempt to examine. They had got together again, but at the time when he

was Secretary of State, the party alluded to by the honorable gentleman, the whig party of the United States were as wide from him as are the poles asunder. Mr. D. believed perfectly, absolutely, in the charge made or implied in this resolution, that there was a corruption in that administration unparalleled in this country. Why, sir, in allusion to the northeastern boundary, I pretended democrat, whom the President appointed as a commissioner to run that line. It was sufficient for him that a son of Mr. Webster the Secretary, was engaged in the business, and it was sufficient for him to say that if they could extort all the correspondence there will be proof of the most positive and absolute, not only of a corrupt use of the money, but, from the letter itself of the then Secretary, that he sanctioned and recommended—yes, absolutely recommended, a corrupt use of the fund. He would merely say further, then, that they wanted the letter, and if they could get it they would be borne out in this charge. He went for the resolution; and he called for the year and a half, because he wanted to see the vote of this House, and see who was in favor of probing this matter to the bottom; and, as he had done in the commencement of his remarks, he exonerated honorable whigs, because there were honorable and patriotic men among the whig party. He concluded by repeating what he had before said, that the most corrupt administration that ever cursed the country was the administration of John Tyler.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The royal steamship Unicorn, Capt. Dillmore, bringing twenty four days later intelligence from Europe, arrived at her wharf at East Boston, on Friday afternoon. She sailed on the 19th ult. making her passage in 23 days.

Already the effects of Sir Robert Peel's policy are being developed on the continent. Russia is about to liberalize the tariff; while the hold free-trade principles have taken on the affections of our French neighbors, has all the order of first force. This example is contagious; and hitherto doubt exists that it will be followed by every commercial country in which a healthy spirit of enterprise and activity exists—European Times.

The admission of Indian corn, back wheat, and rice at a nominal duty, precautions that the government has wisely taken, to arrest the present position of the country.—ib.

Biscuits of maize, or Indian corn have been manufactured at Bristol, and they are described as very agreeable and nutritious.

The regiment selected for the Indian service are the 16th Hussars, and the 8th, 25th, and 82d Foot. The 18th and 98th regiments are also under orders to move from China to Bengal.

The number of seamen required by the navy estimates is 27,599; boys, 2,000; marines about 5,500; ashore, 5,000—total, 40,000.

Parliamentary. The Irish Corbett Bill, which originated in the House of Lords with the Earl of St. Germain, has passed through every stage of that branch of the legislature, and now awaits its fate in the other house. Some of the most stringent features have been reduced, but the measure is still highly penal; and the severity of its enactments, unless they are still further modified, stand a chance of rendering the measure a dead letter. The bill is being fiercely opposed in Ireland, and the liberal press in England is assailing it tooth and nail.—European Times.

IRELAND.

The various accounts received from Ireland, since the sailing of the last steamer, are far from being of a satisfactory character. Want—or at least its immediate prospects—on the one hand and crime—the details of horrid and sanguinary deeds—on the other, form the chief feature.

CRACOW OCCUPIED BY THE AUSTRIANS.

Subjoined is the official account of the occupation of Cracow, as drawn up by Gen. Collin of the Austrian forces:

Cracow, March 4.—The insurgents retired from the city on the night of the 21st inst.

The conditions on which the Austrian General received the capitulation of the citizens of Cracow were, 1st, That they should deliver up to him all the known leaders of the rebellion who remained in the city, or point out to him their residences. 2d, That a total disarmament of the inhabitants should take place, and that all weapons should be deposited in the castle before noon on the 5th inst.

And 3d, Any person who, during the stay of the Austrians in Cracow, appeared with weapons in his hands, or in whose dwelling arms of any kind should be found, should be judged by court martial within twenty four hours.

According to the Silesian Gazette, that portion of the insurgents who surrendered to the Prussians were promised pardon on the condition of submitting to the arrangements which may be made in their regard by the three protecting powers.

The Bremen correspondent of the West-Zeitung, states that it was generally believed there on the 6th inst., that the great body of the insurgents would retreat to the mountains of Glatz, and there commence a guerilla warfare.

According to the same correspondent, the incorporation of Cracow with the Prussian monarchy is greatly desired by the citizens. Munich About Zeitung also expresses the opinion that the Polish insurgents will retire to the Carpathian mountains, and there cut the part of the Cossacks.

The Berlin correspondent of the Oberpost-Zeitung of this day asserts that the troops of three protecting powers will remain in the Polish provinces, until every spark of the revolt had been extinguished.

Point protest, submitted Poland the Ireland of the Continent, had been making a traitorous, pusillanimous effort at a resolution, or in the failure of national patriotism is always called—an insurance.

The little Republic of Cracow, which is now in possession of the Austrian troops, has been the theatre of the unfortunate attempt to restore the nationality of the Poles; but the conspiracy had extensive ramifications in Prussia and Russia, as well as Austria.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

The royal mail steamship Caledonia arrived in Boston on Monday morning, bringing news 16 days later.

The tone of the British press on the Oregon question continues to be denunciatory and war-like; but we see no evidence of a response by the government and people, except the continued activity of military preparations.

The commercial accounts from all parts of England are desponding and gloomy. With the solitary exception of the iron trade, in which great activity prevails, owing to temporary causes there is not a branch of manufacturing industry which is not suffering more or less under paralysis.

The corn market, pending the discussions of the government scheme, is like the produce markets, in a state of complete stagnation.

The money market is in a very unsatisfactory state. Cash is scarce and dear, and nothing but first rate paper, and that at short dates, stand a chance of discount in London market.

The Courier of Marseilles of the 15th states that the steamers Grandeur and Chimere are about to sail to reinforce the fleet engaged in operations at the River Plata.

The recruiting service is going on with great activity in England. Seventy six were recently enlisted in a single day at Manchester.

ENGLISH BUTCHERIES IN INDIA.

Two actions have been fought with the Sikhs; one fought by Sir H. Smith, with the strong division which crossed the Sutlej, near Ludhiana; and the other by Sir Henry Harding and Sir Hugh Gough, with the main body of the enemy on the margin of the same river at Sobroah. In both those engagements the arms of the British forces reaped new laurels, and inflicted terrible retribution on the natives.

The severe thrashing of the Sikh forces by Sir H. Smith has been consummated by the total defeat of the main body by the Governor General of India, and the Commander-in-Chief. The loss of the enemy in this engagement is estimated at 10,000 of 12,000 men; that of the British in killed and wounded, upwards 2000, among whom is a large portion of officers. The action commenced in the morning, and the work of destruction had closed by 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Sir H. Gough's account of the battle showed it to have been quite as it lasted, one of the most terrific on record.

Unlike the able maneuvering of Sir H. Smith this affair seems to have owed its success to the untireless activity of our men, who stormed the enemy's entrenchments, bayonet in hand, defended as they were by 30,000 Sikhs, and 70 pieces of artillery. The slaughter was immense, for our troops braved the enemy's fire by reserving their shot until they got within his entrenchments. The horrors of war are painted with appalling power in a few brief sentences of the victorious commander. The action terminated in the complete rout of the enemy, the capture of his guns, and the loss of his camp and baggage.

An awful scene of this took place on the Sutlej, in attempting to cross which, our troops mowed down thousands of the flying foe, and those who escaped the fire were drowned in the stream. The victory has put the finishing stroke to the war. It has brought the Sikhs to their senses—to their knees; and they are now humble suppliants for our mercy and forbearance.—They have agreed to pay a million and a half sterling, in the course of four years, towards the expenses of the war, the payment to be enforced by the occupation of Lahore.

The British Tenure. The "great and comprehensive measure" of Sir Robert Peel has passed through another stage in its progress towards its legislative finale. The second reading after a week's debate, was carried by a majority of 88, which is a demonstration of only one as compared with the first great parliamentary division which followed its introduction into the House of Commons. Considering the lock-jaw under which commerce of every description is now suffering, the progress of the measure by no means keeps pace with the necessities of the people.—Parliament met on the 22d of January, and the beginning of April finds that the tariff has only advanced to the second reading. It is now uncertain whether the subsequent stage can be so accelerated as to reach the bill into the House of Lords before parliament adjourns for the Easter holidays.

Warlike Preparations. The greatest activity continues in all the dockyards in England and the recruiting for the army is still going on with great spirit. 6099 soldiers were ordered to India, 3300 by the overland mail route.

It is now stated that the order will be reissued. There is a rumor current that an additional number will be ordered to Canada.

Mexico. The latest accounts from Vera Cruz state that another revolution was about to take place. The Republicans and Santa Anna's party were to unite and declare against the government. Alamo was at Havana, and had been offering with Santa Anna.

Murder of Bangor. On Tuesday of last week, a Mrs. Emerson, 69 years of age, was murdered in the north part of the city, by blows upon the head with an axe. Money was missing, and it is supposed to be the motive.—A man by the name of Conney, a former convict, was suspected, arrested, examined, and committed for trial.

The Maine Delegation. In the vote in the U. S. House of Representatives on the 17th inst. upon the motion of Mr. Owen to amend the Oregon resolution as passed by the Senate, Messrs. Doolittle, Hamilton, Sewall, Scammon and Williams, voted in the affirmative, and Messrs. McCrater and Severance voted in the negative.

"Fifty four Forty." The vote of the Senate on Mr. Crittenden's amendment annulling the act of 54-40!—there being just 54 Senators voting, and 40 voting in the affirmative. So says a Jersey friend.

MESMERIC OPERATION.

The surgical operation named below was performed in New York on 10th inst. by an eminent surgeon, Dr. Bostwick, of the Medical and Surgical Institute, and in the presence of a number of intelligent and scientific gentlemen.

The patient was a colored girl, about thirty-three years of age, and had lived in the family of the Rev. Dr. Higbee. She was troubled with a tumor upon her back immediately under her left shoulder blade. The patient being magnetized, Dr. Bostwick, on taking the instruments, first made a longitudinal incision eight inches in length through the flesh over the tumor, and then commenced cutting round it. When the knife was first put in we were watching the face of the girl closely; expecting to see her start, and hear her scream but there was not the slightest motion. Not a quivering of the lip or of the eye could we observe. Dr. Bostwick, assisted by Dr. Child and Dr. Stearns, continued cutting away upon the tumor, and in three minutes it was taken out, there being, during the whole time, no motion on the part of the girl. During the whole operation, Dr. Pike sat near the patient with his hand upon her head. Several Physicians examined her pulse and said it was apparently in its natural state. Dr. Bostwick then, with a large darning needle, sewed up the incision, there still being no motion of muscle, or nerve on the part of the patient. After placing adhesive plaster upon the incision, and bandaging it, Dr. Otis was called in to wake up the girl.—This he did by making passes over her face; and upon waking she was told that the operation had not been performed, and that she must now have it done. This was done to see if she would know any thing about it. 'Well,' she said, 'I was sorry, but she wanted it taken out.' 'Do you feel no pain?' asked Dr. Bostwick. 'None,' said the girl. 'Have you felt none?' 'None,' was the answer again. She was then shown the tumor, and seemed to be very glad to see it. It was an adipose tumor, and weighed 10 ounces.

Mutiny and Murder. Several colored men, from the bark Cactus, of Kennelhook, Me, were brought to New York on Thursday, by Revenue Cutter Forward, charged with mutiny, and the murder of the second mate, when three days out from Gibraltar, bound to New York. She left Philadelphia last fall for Smyrna, under the command of Capt. Allen B. Day.

Elvin G. Mason, of Kennelhook, was the 2d mate and he was murdered.

Of the crew she had on board at the time of the mutiny, John Adams the colored cook, his nephew, a boy, and a white cabin boy, were all that had been shipped at New York. The others were shipped at Trieste and were all colored men.

The mutiny occurred on the 1st of February. The first disposition was evinced by the watch, who were about leaving the decks about eight o'clock in the morning of the event. It being the place of the main compassing this watch to wash the decks before going off duty, the captain ordered them to do so when they returned. Grimes appeared to be the ring-leader and the second mate Mr. Mason, advanced to enforce the order of the captain, when a red hot fellow, Harding by name, struck him on the deck with a blow upon his head, and after he was down repeated the blow, fracturing his skull in two places. After a severe struggle the mutineers were beaten.

From one day, when the mutiny occurred up to Thursday, sixty-four days, the captain and first mate have been in constant dread of assassination or outbreak, and it was only a knowledge that they were well armed, and would sell their lives dearly, that tended to deter the crew from a further attempt.

Great Flood at New Orleans. Owing to heavy rains which fell on Saturday and Sunday night, together with a strong north-easter, the swamp in the rear of the city was soon filled, and the wind driving the water into the city created great fear to the inhabitants of the back part of the town. On Sunday the flood increased so much as to cause apprehensions that it equal the flood of 1831, which caused great damage. The inhabitants living in low houses at the Lake have removed to the city—their habitations being no longer tenable.

On Sunday, the water rose one inch in the city, between the new canal and the Lake road; and yesterday at twelve o'clock, it was within three inches of the greatest height of the flood of 1831, and still rising. The houses, yards, stables, hotels and out-buildings at the end of the New Canal, or Sicel Road are all inundated, and for two miles towards the city the canal has overflowed its banks, leaving houses in the distance to appear as if they were floating on the sea. The destruction to bridges has been very great. At Lake Pontchartrain the Railroad, however, is, we are all overpowered, and should the water increase the cars will be compelled to stop running. The inhabitants are compelled to use boats or take the back of a good stout negro. No calculation can be made of the loss which has been or will be sustained by this flood, but it must be great, and will fall on many unable to meet it. We regret to say likewise, that the Charity Hospital, and the infirmaries generally, are all inundated rendering access to them exceedingly difficult. At the time we write, the rain has ceased, but the wind continues and the waters are still rising. Delia, 7th.

the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are
subject to the said decrees, to make him known to the
said, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit it

